



MUMBLES#2

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THE SUNSET RUMBA

NOT TO BE SOLD TO THE MINOR LEAGUE ~~~~~ ADOLTS ONLY

THE PRICE IS ARBITRARY
GO TO 2.00
BUT...IT'S GOING UP!



WELCOME, DEAR READERS TO MUMBLES*2. HERE IS A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE, UM, MUMBLES PHENOMENA FOR THE CURIOUS AMONG YOU:

THE MUMBLES BEGAN AS AN IDEA FOR A PUNK ROCK TYPE BAND IN JULY, 1976.. THOSE INVOLVED INCLUDED: RICHIE RICH ON DRUMS, SHIELDS ON BASS, JOHN E ON GUITAR, AND P.GREEN ON VOCALS. THIS LINE-UP WAS BASICALLY A "LIVING ROOM" R+R BAND.. I HESITATE TO USE THE TERM "GARAGE BAND" SINCE NONE OF OUR "UTILITY" APTS INCLUDED A GARAGE. WE HAD LOOSE PLANS FOR RIDING THE WAVE OF POPULARITY JUST BEGINNING TO BE ENJOYED BY SUCH BANDS AS THE RAMONES, THE PATTI SMITH GROUP, TELEVISION, THE HEARTBREAKERS, AND, OF COURSE, THE SEX PISTOLS. DOING COVERS OF THE STOOGES, STONES,


SEEDS, AND OTHERS SUCH AS SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHAROAHs, WE THRASHED AWAY IN OBSCURITY, PLANS FOR A ONE-OFF SINGLE "DOWN AND SHOUT" B/W "JOHN E BE GOOD" ON OUR OWN -LETHAL AID RECORDS- NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND. DISGUSTED, SHIELDS LEFT FOR AUSTRALIA WITH PLANS FOR STARTING A "CARP RANCH," RICH GOT MARRIED AND "MELLOW," JOHN E WENT BACK TO ART SCHOOL, AND P.GREEN WENT TO WORK IN A SLAUGHTERHOUSE, CONTINUING TO WRITE INSIGHTFUL LYRICS AND IMAGINATIVE SHORT STORIES (WHICH HOPEFULLY WILL APPEAR IN A FUTURE **MUMBLES**). SEEING A RESURGENCE -ALREADY, AT LEAST, 10YRS ON- OF U.G. COMICS VIA THE PHOTOCOPIER REVOLUTION, ABOUT A YEAR AGO I RESURRECTED THE **MUMBLES** LOGO, AND STARTED **MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS** WHICH RESULTED IN A STRING OF SELF-PUBLISHED BOOKS (SEE BACK INSIDE COVER). WITH THIS ISSUE -ALTHOUGH IT'S PRACTICALLY A SOLO- I ASSUMED THE ROLE OF EDITOR, INVITING ARTISTS AND WRITERS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE TO CONTRIBUTE TO A "KANSAS ISSUE".. THE RESULTS YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU. I WISH TO THANK ALL OF YOU WHO SENT ME SOMETHING. AND INVITE ANY OF YOU OUT THERE TO WRITE ME CONCERNING SPECIFICS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO FUTURE **MUMBLES** PROJECTS. **MUMBLES*2** IS DEDICATED TO P.GREEN, ABOVE ALL FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP, BUT ALSO FOR HIS ENCOURAGEMENT, INSPIRATION AND ADVICE- IN HELPING TO KEEP THE **MUMBLES** SPIRIT ALIVE AND WELL, IN WHATEVER LIVINGROOM IT MAY APPEAR.

John E

→ PORTRAIT OF P.GREEN AND BRAVE DOG BROOMUS BY "G."



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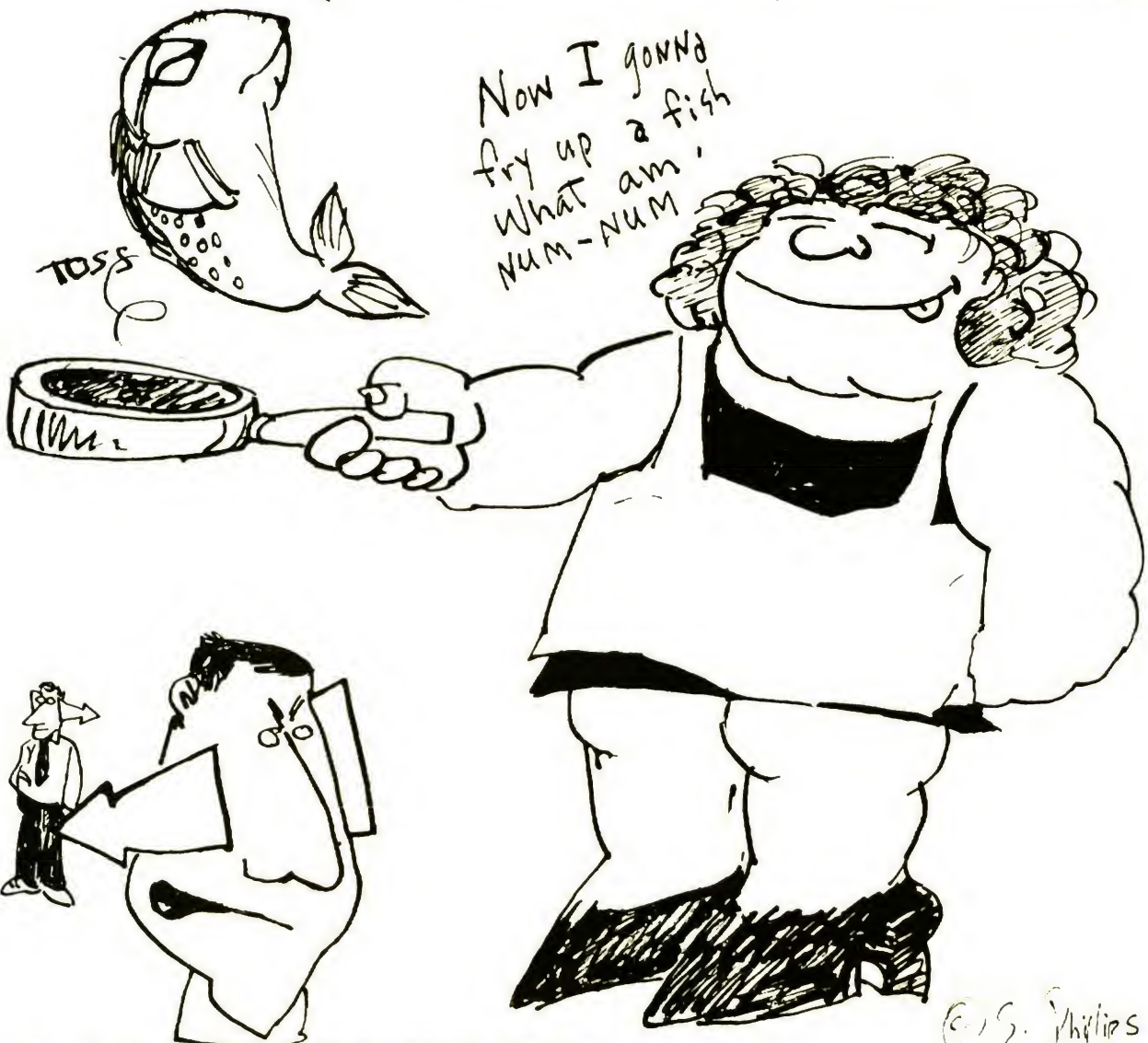
FINKSTER PLUG- ANYONE INTERESTED IN SEEING MORE OF ELLEN FERGUSON'S WORK MAY WRITE HER AT THIS ADDRESS → (DISPLACED KANSAN). SHE HAS LOTS OF POSTCARDS AVAILABLE AND ALSO THREE FINE LITTLE BOOKS: "A FINKSTER, A ROSE" 5½" x 5" 10 PAGER (BY E.F.), "ONE DAY CLOSE TO HELL" 6" x 4" 8 PAGER, AND "THE RAINS FALLING ON HARD NOSED HARRY" 8½" x 5½" 6 PAGER (BOTH BY JAMES DEAN PRUNER). 

UNAUTHORIZED DUPLICATION OF THIS BOOK IN ANY FORM IS ILLEGAL + EXPENSIVE.. WHY NOT JUST BUY ANOTHER COPY?



ELLEN FERGUSON
518 BRYANT
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIF 94107

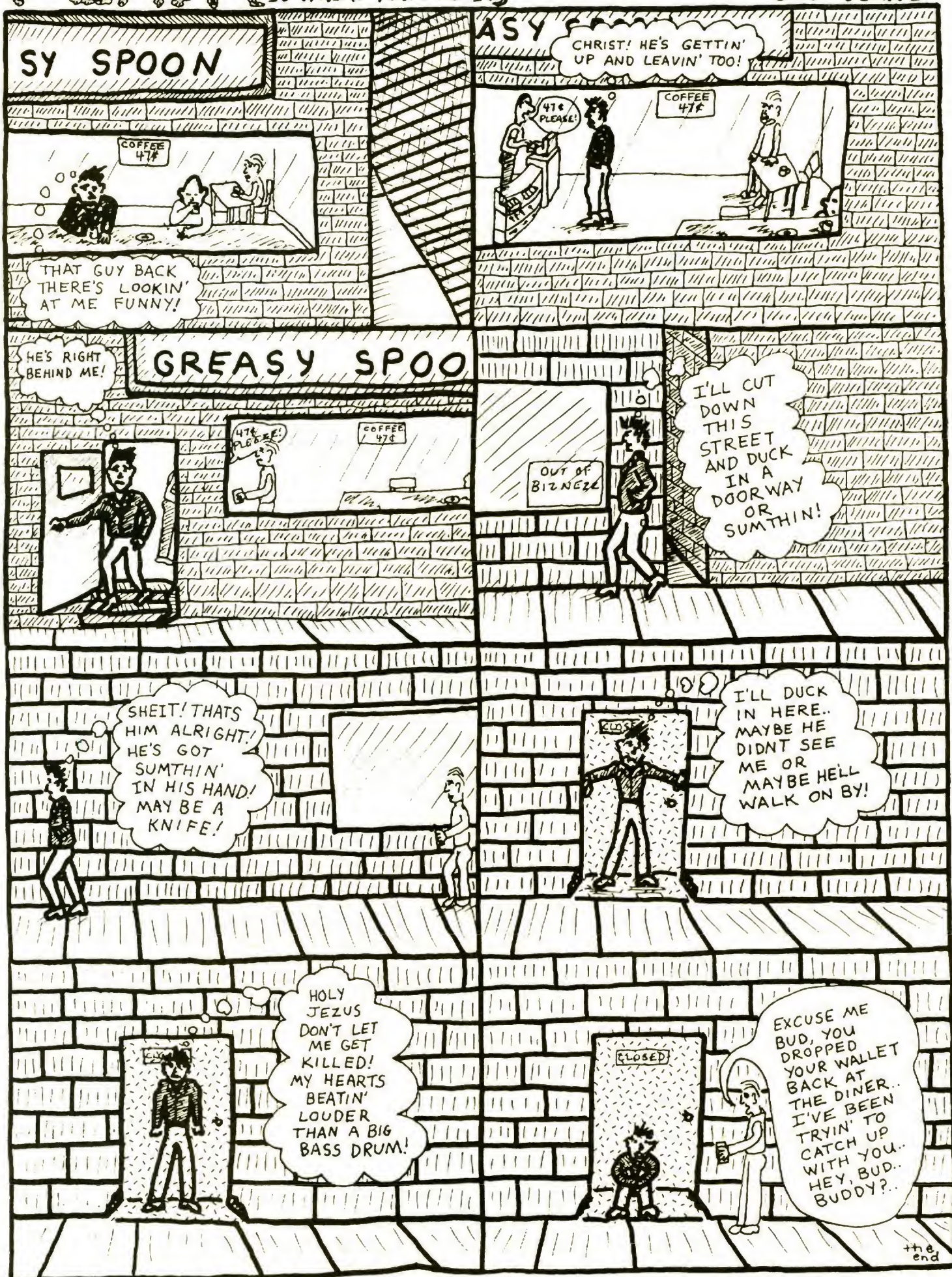
BLOW ME DOWN IF YOU AIN'T
THE DAMNDEST PIRATE EVER I
SAILED WITH, BLACK JOHN.
AVAST NOW,
HEAVE TO.

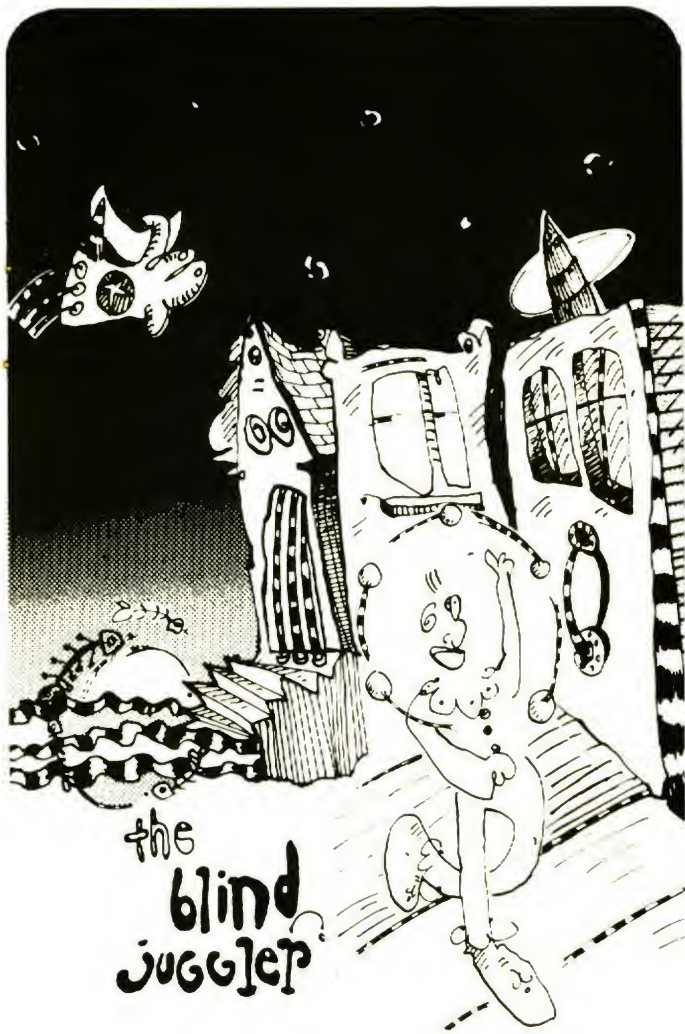


WE of the FISH PROTECTION LEAGUE
HAVE STUCK BIG ARROWS THROUGH OUR
HEADS IN PROTEST OF THIS PICTURE.

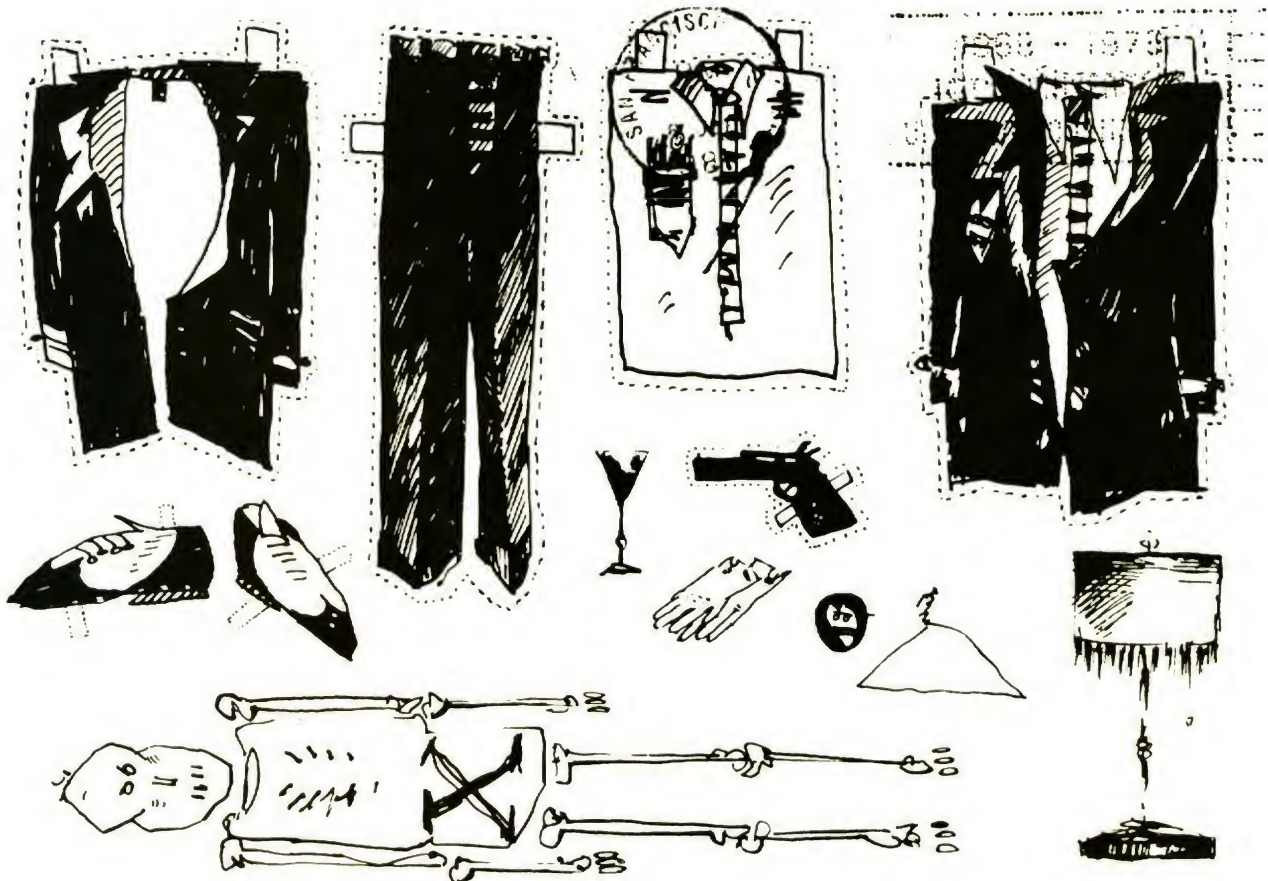
{ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT }

©1984 JOHN E





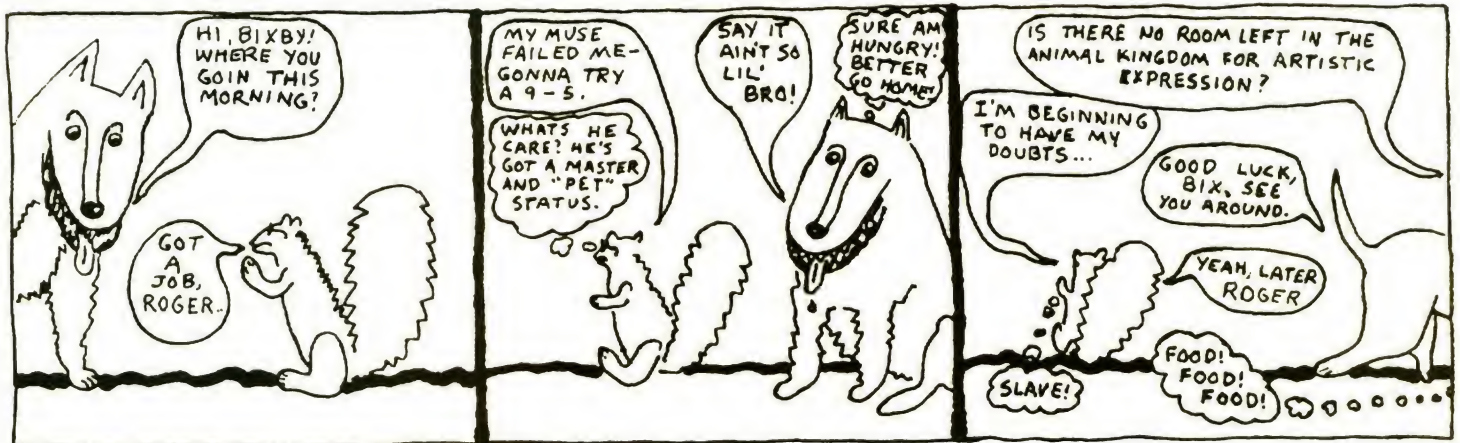
"The dogs have told me in their language why they are living down there and bringing evil upon the country."

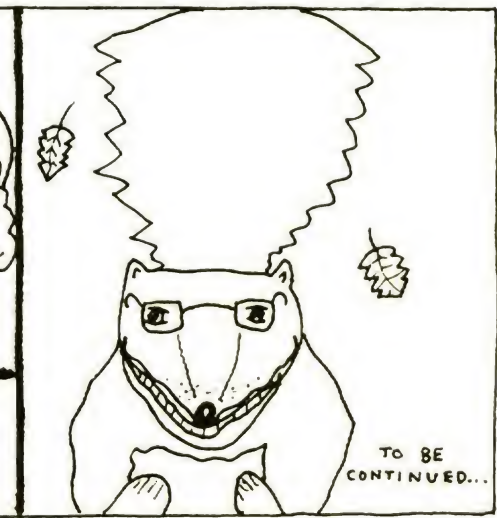
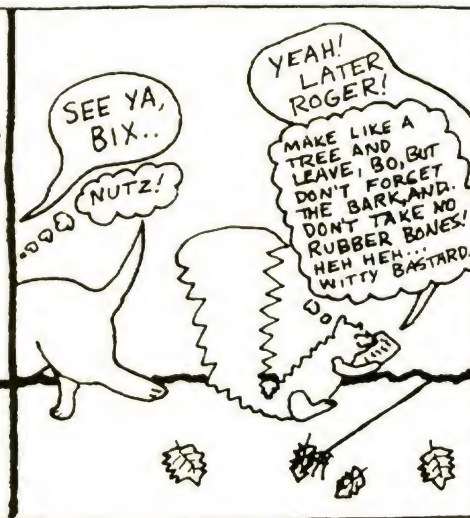
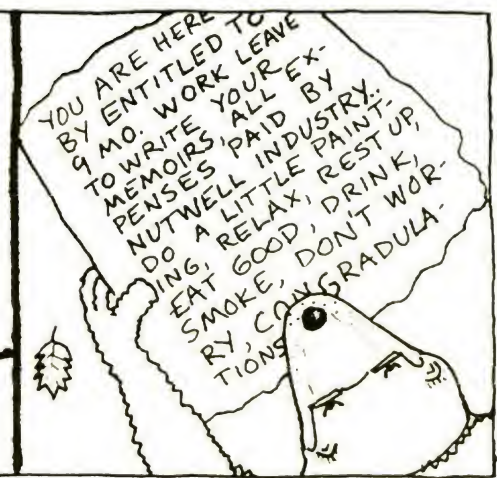
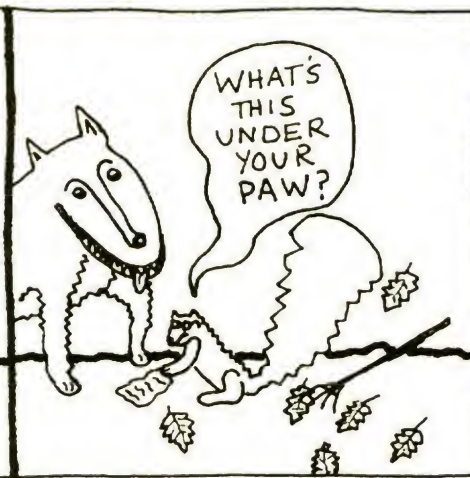
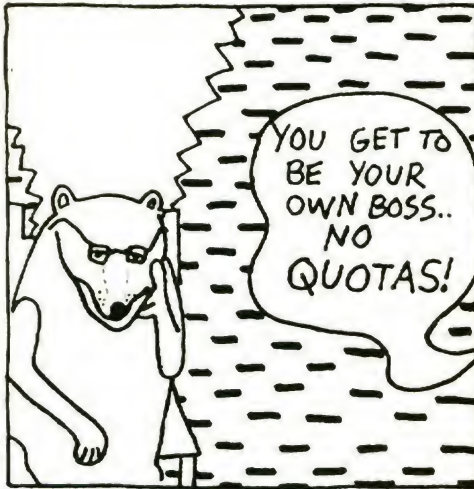
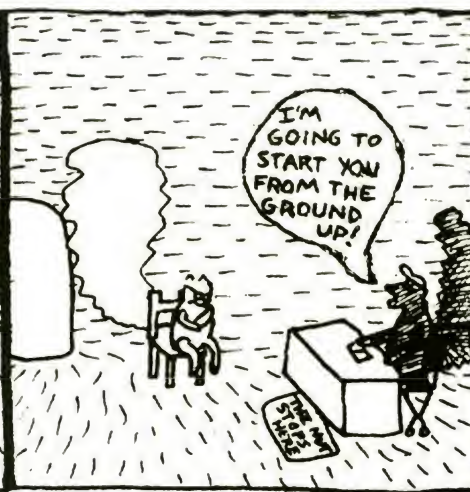
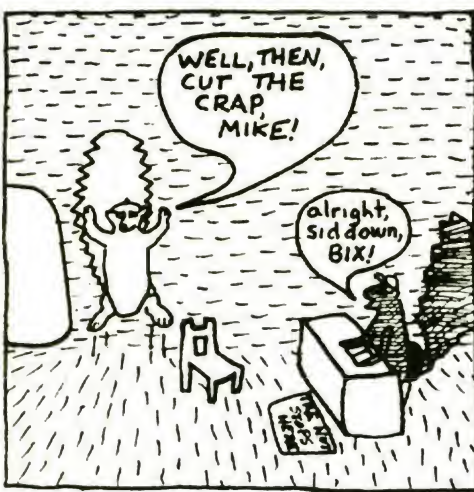


SQUIRREL TAILS

by: JOHN E © 1984

OUR STORY BEGINS WHEN BIXBY BANAL-ARTISTIC + INTELLECTUAL DEADBEAT, IS FORCED INTO THE CRUEL WORLD OF GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT, DUE TO THE UTTER FAILURE OF HIS PAINTING AND WRITING VENTURES...





TO BE
CONTINUED...

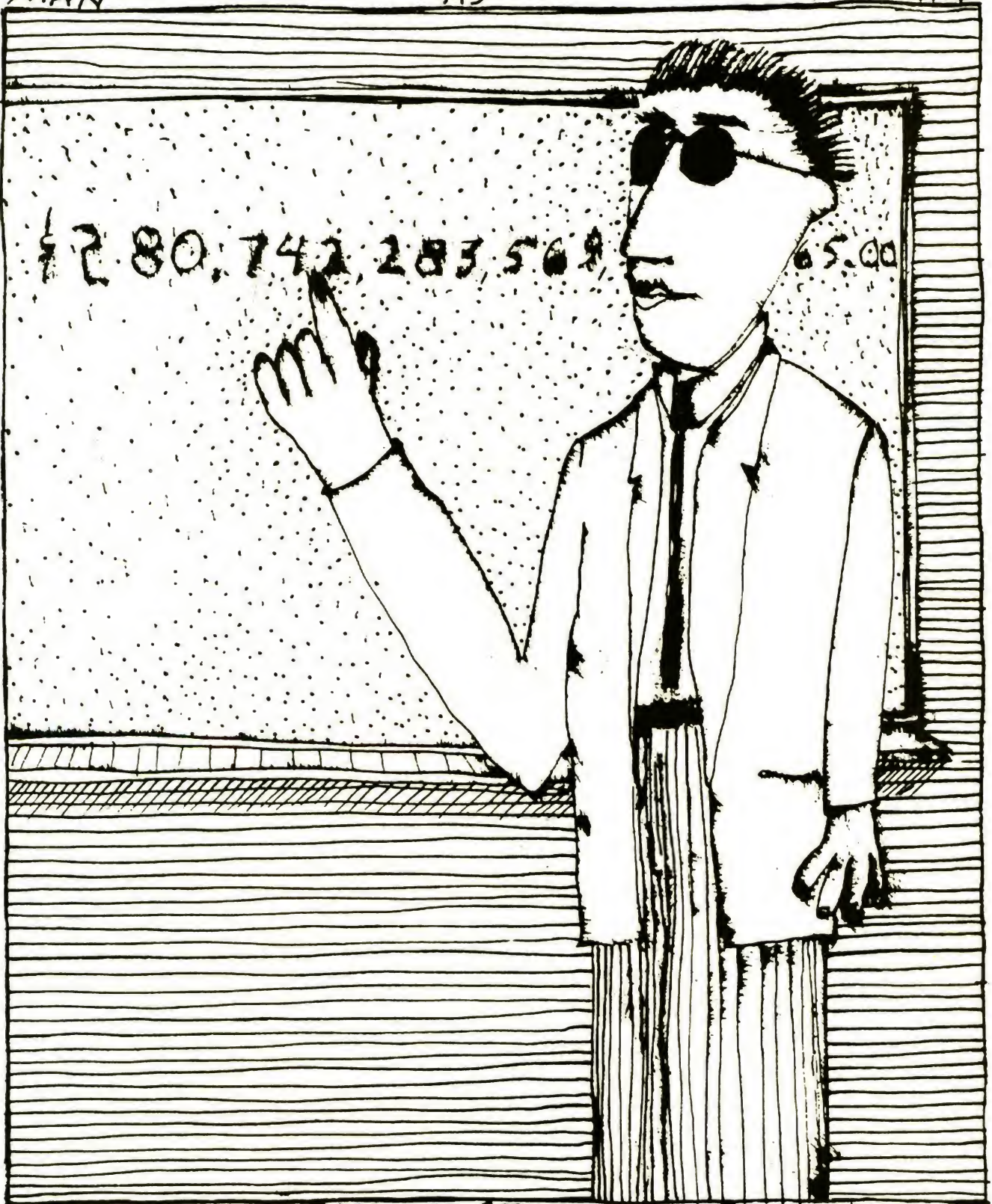


JAMES
DEAN
PRUNER
© 1984

MAN

AS

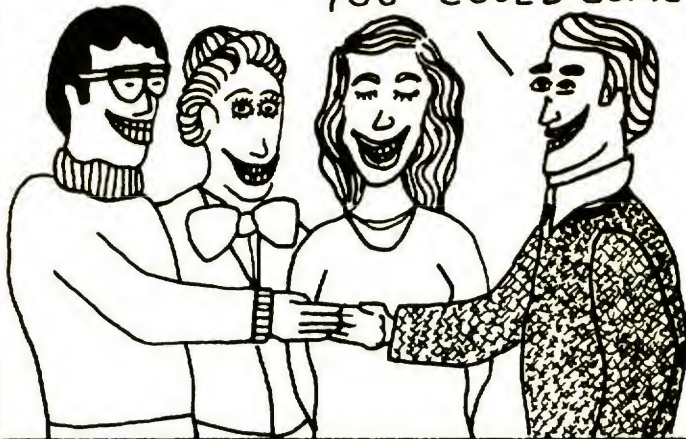
MACHINE



LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY — POWER IN NUMBERS
J. Pruner

A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

WE'RE SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!



THE ANXIOUS HOSTS WELCOME THEIR QUESTS.

WE'RE CHRISTIANS! I'M PUNK AND A CHRISTIAN



THE POLITE QUESTS EAT, DRINK AND ROLE PLAY.

I AM BORN-AGAIN.
I AM SWEET &
LOVEABLE
I AM...

I AM CONCERNED ABOUT
THE A.T.T. DIVERSITURE.
I AM HORNY.



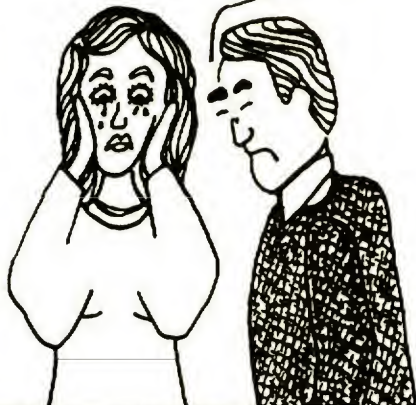
EVERYONE PARTIES: HEY, HEY, MINGLE, MINGLE,
MIX, GULP, LAUGH, COUGH,
JOKE, LIE, WINK, PAT, GROPE, SWALLOW, BELCH, EYECUSE, FLIRT,
FLIRT, FLIRT, FLIRT EVEN MORE, POUT, SMILE, THINK, SPEAK,
CONTRIVE, CONTRIVE, PRETEND, TALK, ACT, BE..., I AM...

LET'S GO!



SUDDENLY, A RIFT
APPEARS AMONG
THE QUESTS.

OUR PARTY'S TURNED INTO
A FIASCO.



WHAT'S GONE WRONG?

YECHH!-SOMEBODY THREW-UP.



YECHH!-SOMEBODY THREW-UP.

SICK HUMOR: A NEW YEAR'S
EVE PARTY/©1984, MUMBLE'S
PUBLICATIONS. DEDICATED
TO THE BODY'S NATURAL
RESPONSES & OTHER PHYSIO-BA
LOGICAL STUFF. ZNIKWAH .J.9

MY HOME TOWN

FEATURING: BUTCH BADOWSKI

"BEATLE" HAIRCUT (pre-hippy)

I CAME FROM LUNGERVILLE, A SEEMINGLY QUIET LITTLE BURG, NESTLED IN A VALLEY IN N.E. KANSAS...



PRETTY NON-DESCRIPT AT FIRST GLANCE, RIGHT? LOOK A LITTLE CLOSER..



EVERY BODY HAD ONE THING IN COMMON IN LUNGERVILLE:



MOST OF THE POPULACE WERE FARMERS, BUT THERE WERE A FAIR AMOUNT OF TOWNIES, TOO. I FELL IN THIS LAST GROUP AND WHEN ME AND MY BUDDIES WERE ALL AROUND 14, 15 + 16 WE HAD ONE THING ON OUR MIND BESIDES BEER:



LIES ABOUT SEX AND IMAGINARY SEX LIVES WERE POPULAR ITEMS FOR CONVERSATION:



OTHER, SLIGHTLY LESS IMPORTANT OBSESSIONS AT THIS TIME WERE FAST CARS AND CHECKING OUT THE LATEST CAR WRECKS EITHER AT THE SCENE OR AT ONE OF THE MANY (ALWAYS BUSY) BODY SHOPS IN TOWN.



AND, OF COURSE WE HAD THE REQUISITE GARAGE ROCK AND ROLL BAND.. WE WERE CALLED "THE ENEMAS", OBVIOUSLY FAR AHEAD OF OUR TIME...



BUTCH SUFFERS AN ADOLESCENT EXISTENTIAL DILIMA:



TO BE CONTINUED..FOR NO APPARENT REASON...

© 1984 JOHNE

MY HOME TOWN

FEATURING: BUTCH BADOWSKI



YOU GUESSED IT! KICKED OUT OF THE BAND!!



AN, HE'S GOT A REAL NEAT CAR WITH AN 8 TRACK. WE'RE GONNA CHANGE THE NAME TO THE "SAND FLEAS" CAUSE IT'S MORE LIKE THE BEATLES. COME BACK AND GET THE REST OF YR DRUMS, AK? WE NEVER LIKED YOU ANYWAY HA HA HA

BERNIE'S POOL HALL

NOW I'M JUST AN-OTHER JERK!

AND THOSE GUYS'LL PROBABLY BE BIGGER THAN THE "MORNING DEW!"

I COULD DRIVE RIGHT OFF THIS BRIDGE AND KILL MYSELF! THAT'D MAKE THEM FEEL LOUSY! NA, NOBODY'D CARE, EXCEPT MY DOG LUCY, OR MY MOM OR..

MY GIRL, SALLY!!



YEAH! SALLY WILL UNDERSTAND!



COME TO MAMA!

LUB DUB..

YOU DON'T NEED THOSE OTHER CLOWNS! YOU'RE TALENTED! YOU COULD HAVE A SOLO ACT!

YEAH! A SOLO ACT!

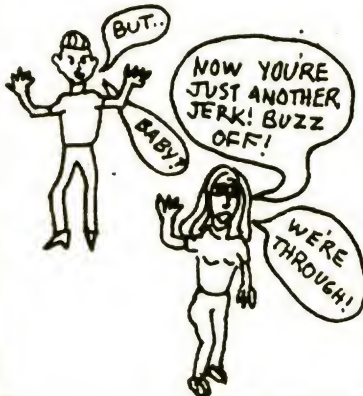
I COULD CALL IT.. "THE ENEMA"!

LET'S SEE, I CAN DO THE DRUM SOLO FROM "I'NA GODDA DA VIDA," OR RINGO'S SOLO ON "THE END" OFF ABBEY ROAD..

OR ANY OF GINGER BAKERS STUFF OR BUDDY MILES..!

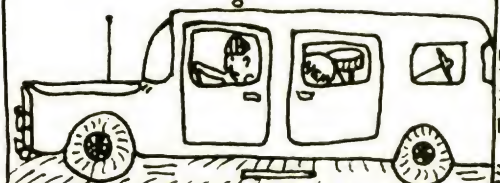


ALAS, WHEN HE TELLS SALLY THE NEWS...



WILL BUTCH BEGIN A SOLO CAREER? OR WILL HE BE PLAYING "TAPS" TO THE CARP IN NIMRODHA RIVER?

WHERE'S THAT *!V* BRIDGE?



COULD BE CONTINUED... WHY? BECAUSE THIS YOUNG MAN'S LIFE MAY BE AT STAKE! + A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

MY HOME TOWN

Featuring: BUTCH BADOWSKI

BUTCH TOOK THE WRONG ROAD HOME AND ENDED UP AT HIS HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION...

THAT NIGHT:

ONLY 5 MORE HOURS TILL WE GET TO OKLAHOMA!

WE CAN GET JOBS AT A FACTORY DOWN THERE... AND GURLS, TOO!



MAYBE NOW I CAN GET OUT OF THIS TWELVE-PACK TOWN!

CONGRATULATIONS!

THANKS!

AFTER AN ALL DAY SEARCH, THE BOYS RENT AN APARTMENT IN THEIR "PRICE RANGE", IN NADA, OK.

OUR FIRST HOME AWAY FROM HOME!

IS THAT BLOOD ON THE COUCH?!

IT'S VINYL! IT'LL WASH OFF!

WHATA DIVE!

EVERYBODY GETS A JOB IN THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCEPT BUTCH:

RATS! I KNEW I SHOULD'VE LIED ABOUT MY AGE!!

I'M SORRY, UH.. SIR, YOU HAVE TO BE AT LEAST 18 YRS OF AGE TO WORK HERE!

SO... HE'S FORCED TO RELY ON THE "BENEVOLENCE" OF HIS "FRIENDS".

HAR! HAR!

NO MONEY FOR BEER, HUH, BUTCH? GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON THE WAGON!

ABOUT 2 WEEKS LATER..

GOT NO JOB, NO BAND, NO CAR, NO BEER, AND I'M STARVING TO DEATH!

GRRR...

THAT DAY IN THE MAIL:

WOW! MOM WANTS ME TO COME HOME! SHE SENT A CHECK! TO BUY A BUS TICKET! CHECK IT OUT!

LUNGerville! IT MAY NOT BE MUCH, BUT IT SURE LOOKS GOOD THROUGH THIS BUS WINDOW!

GRAYHOL

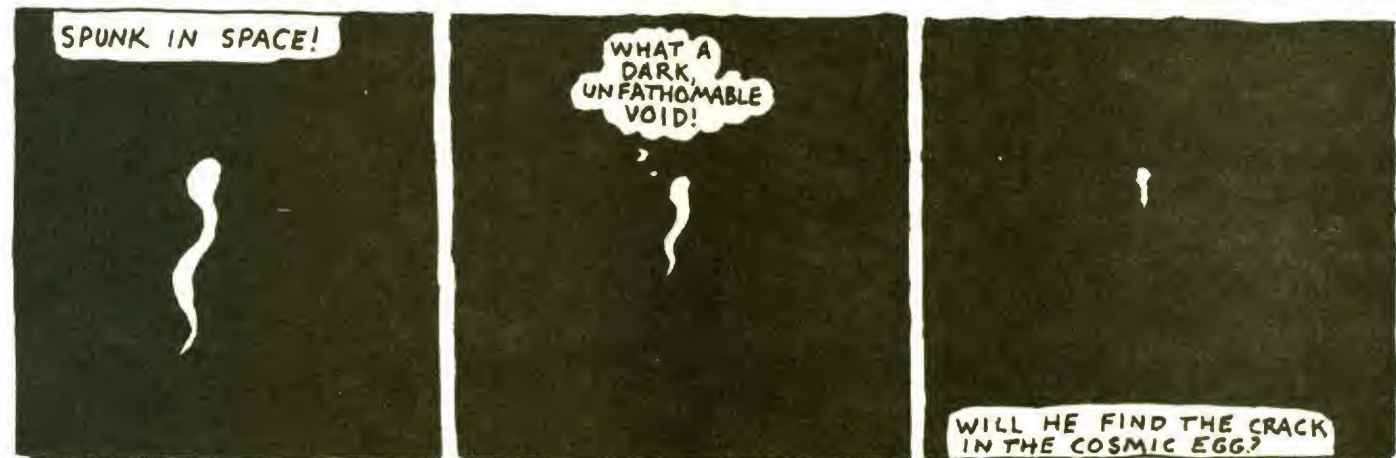
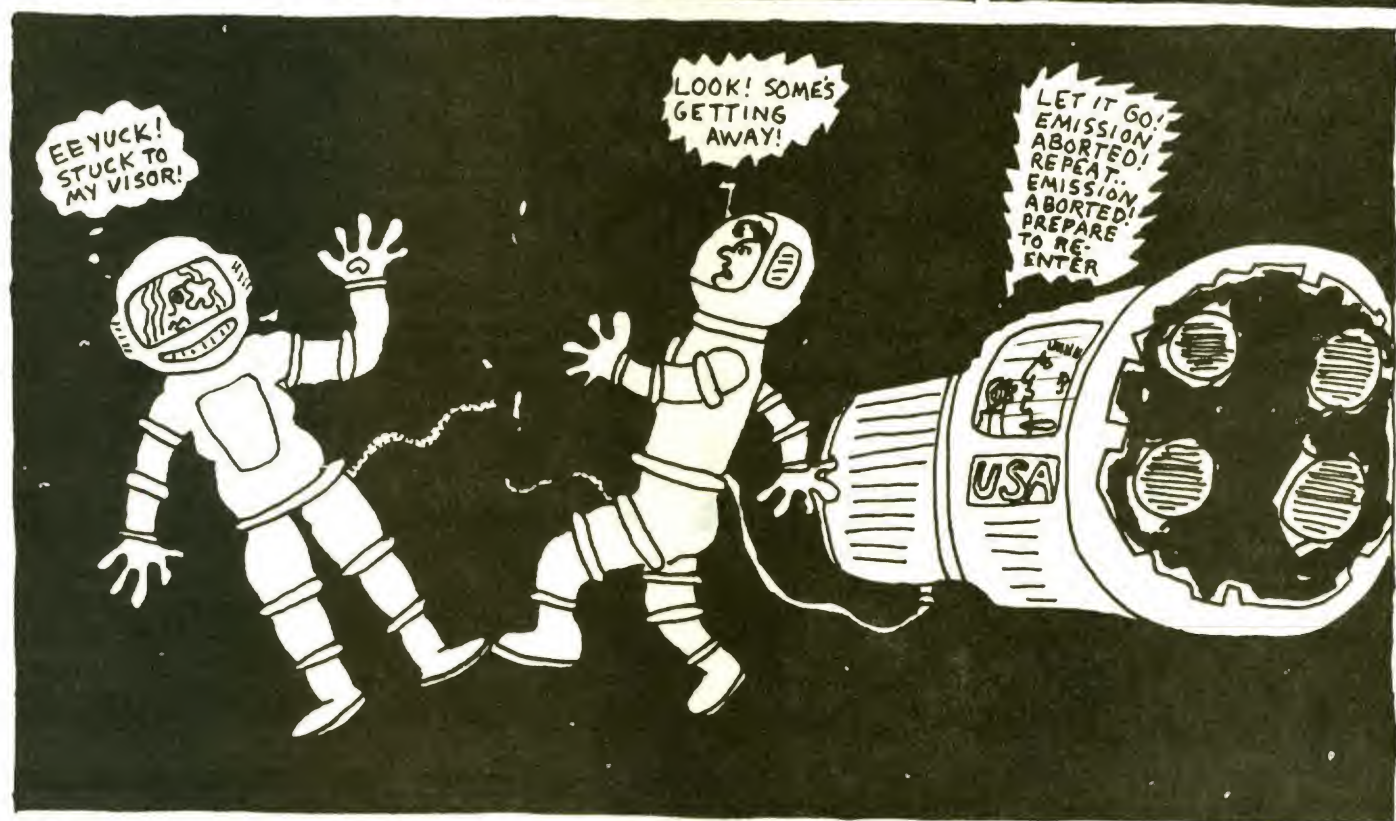
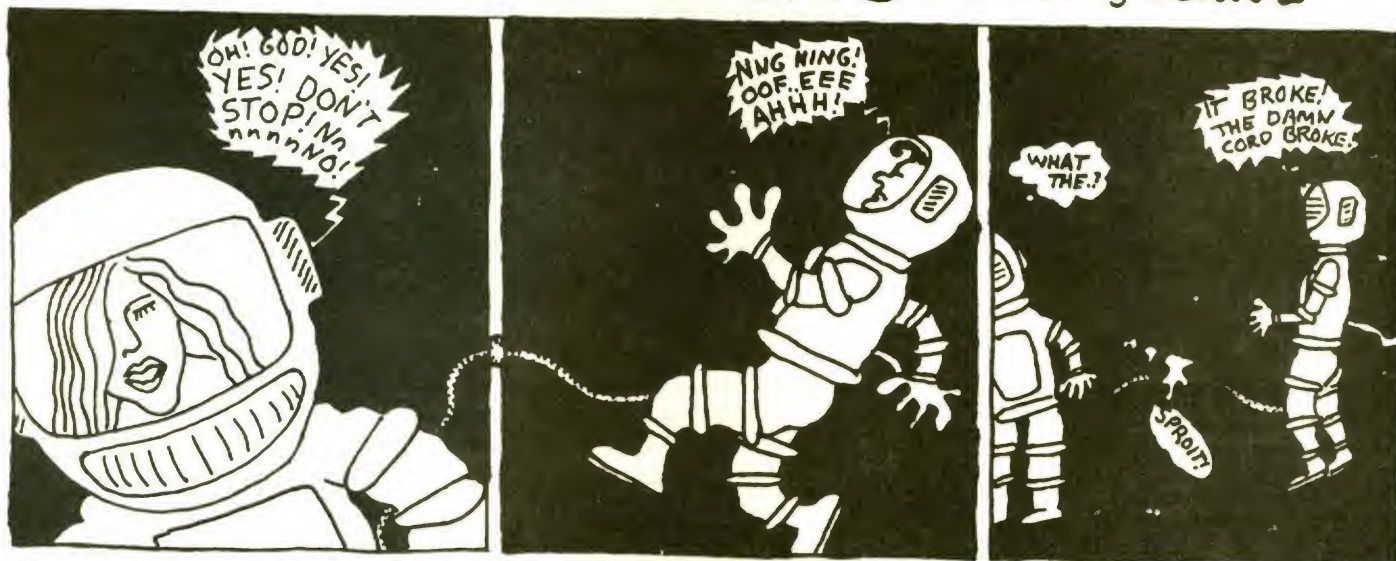
THE END

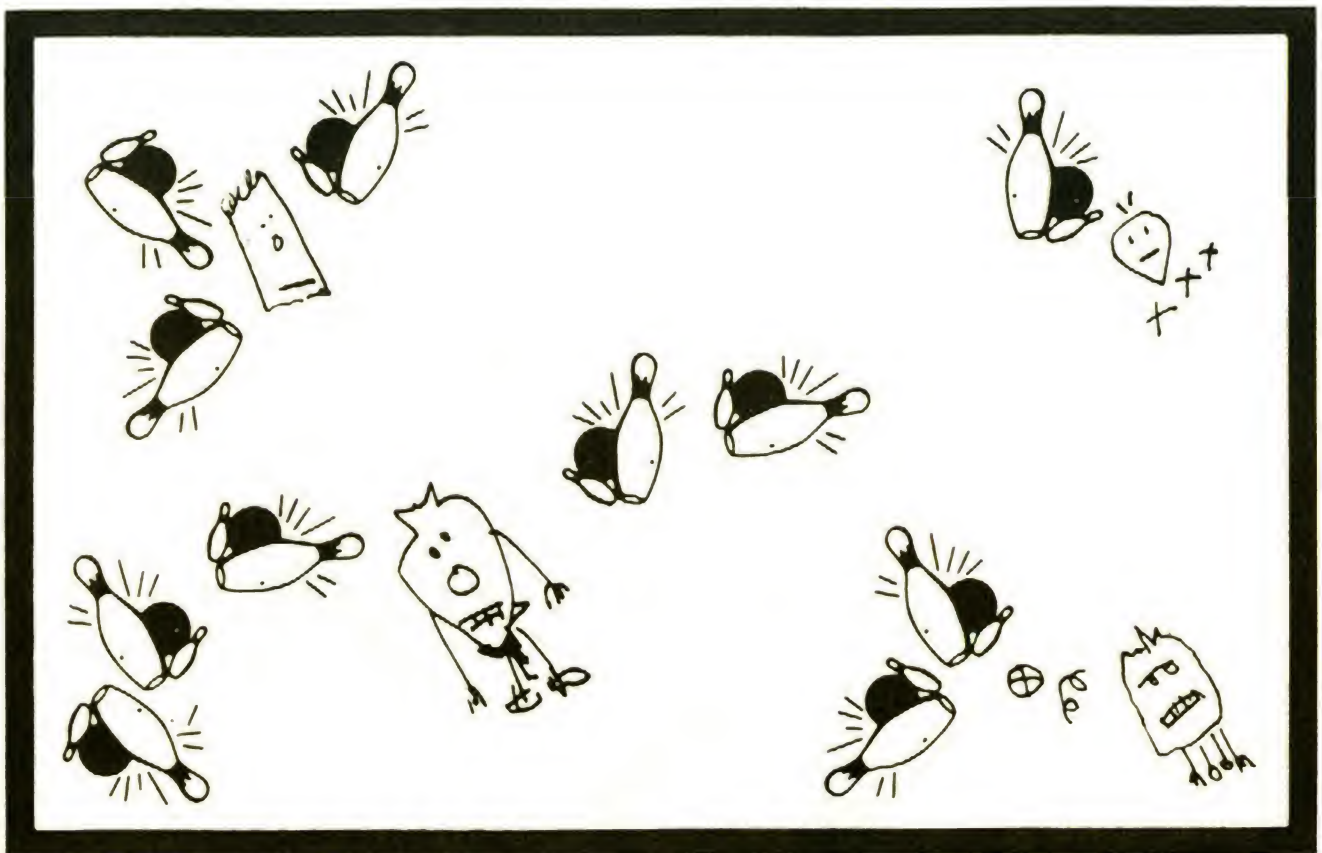
JUNE 6 1977

A FRIEND OF MINE RECENTLY OFFERED THIS ADVICE: "IF YOU WANT TO SELL A LOT OF COMICS, YOU'VE GOT TO PUT MORE SEX INTO IT, OR OUTER SPACE STUFF." OKAY, WATSON, HERE'S MY COMPROMISE..

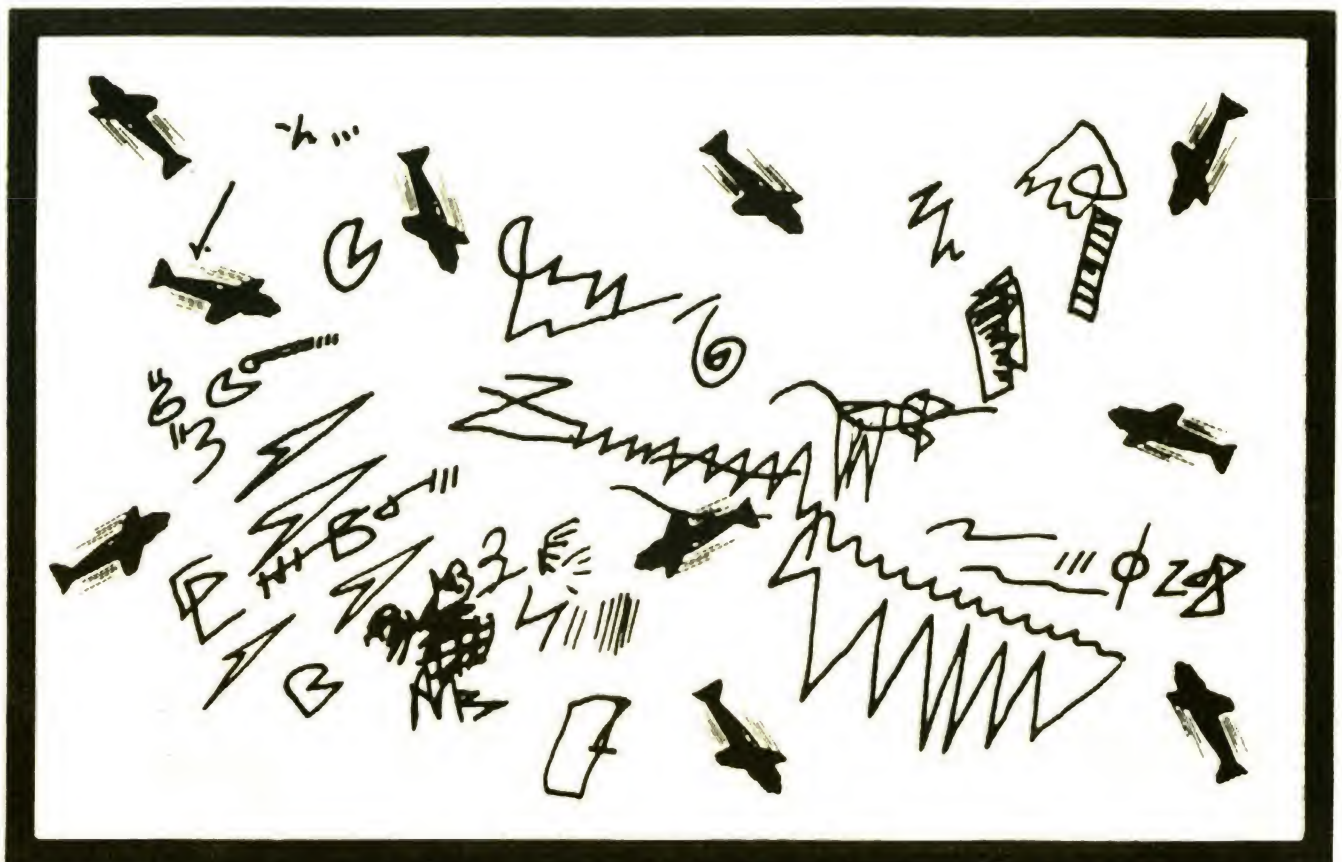
"SEX WITH THE STARS"

© 1984 by **JOHN E**





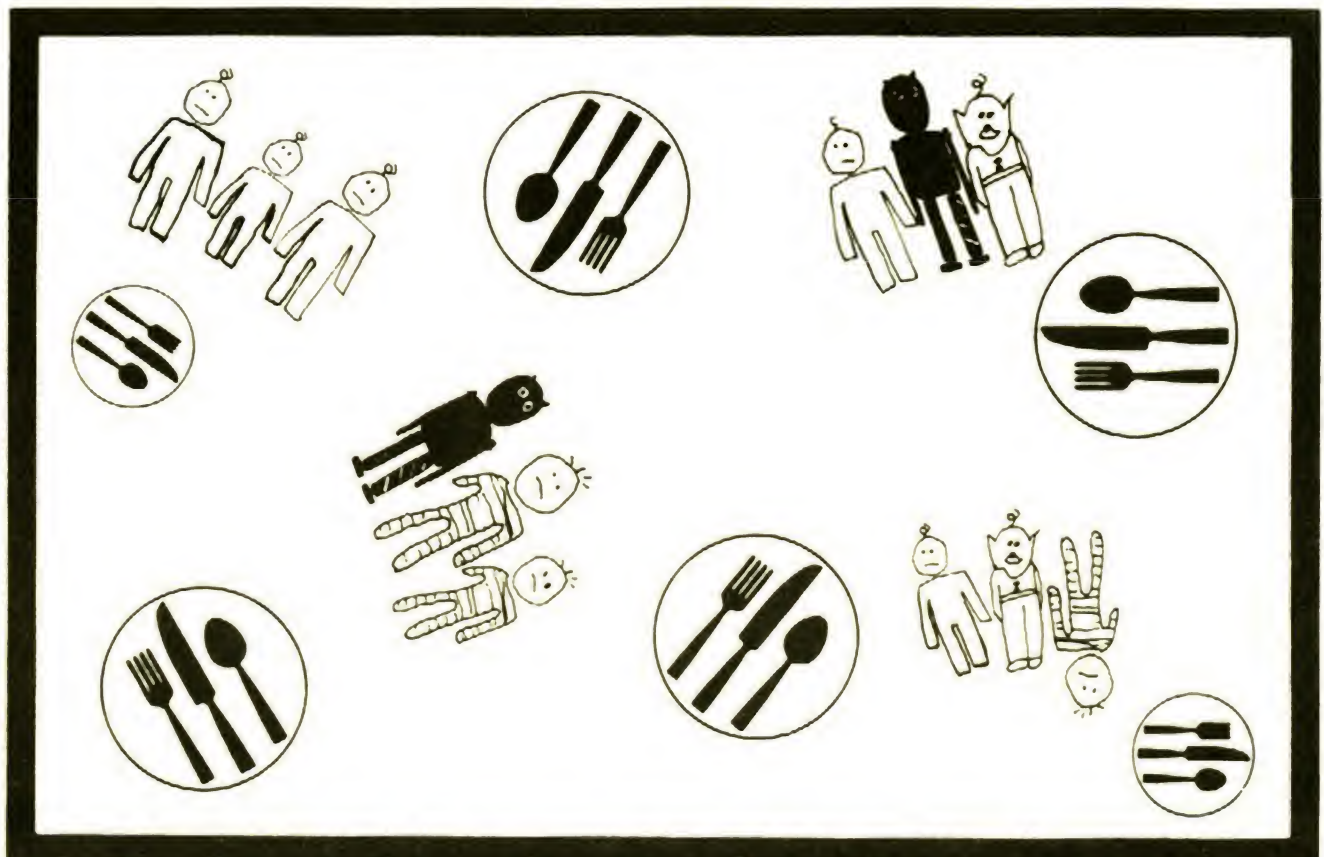
Atoms at Work



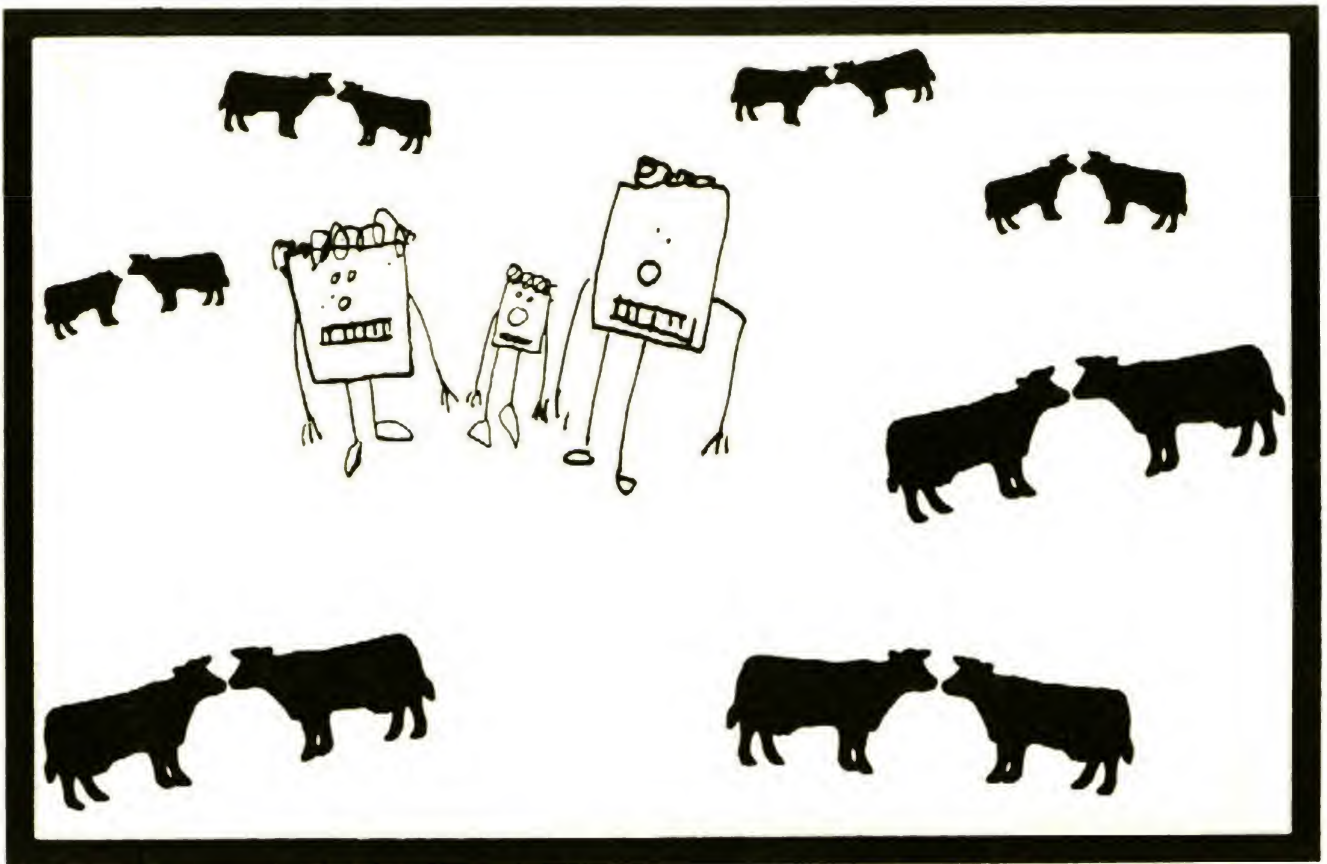
The atoms are in constant motion.



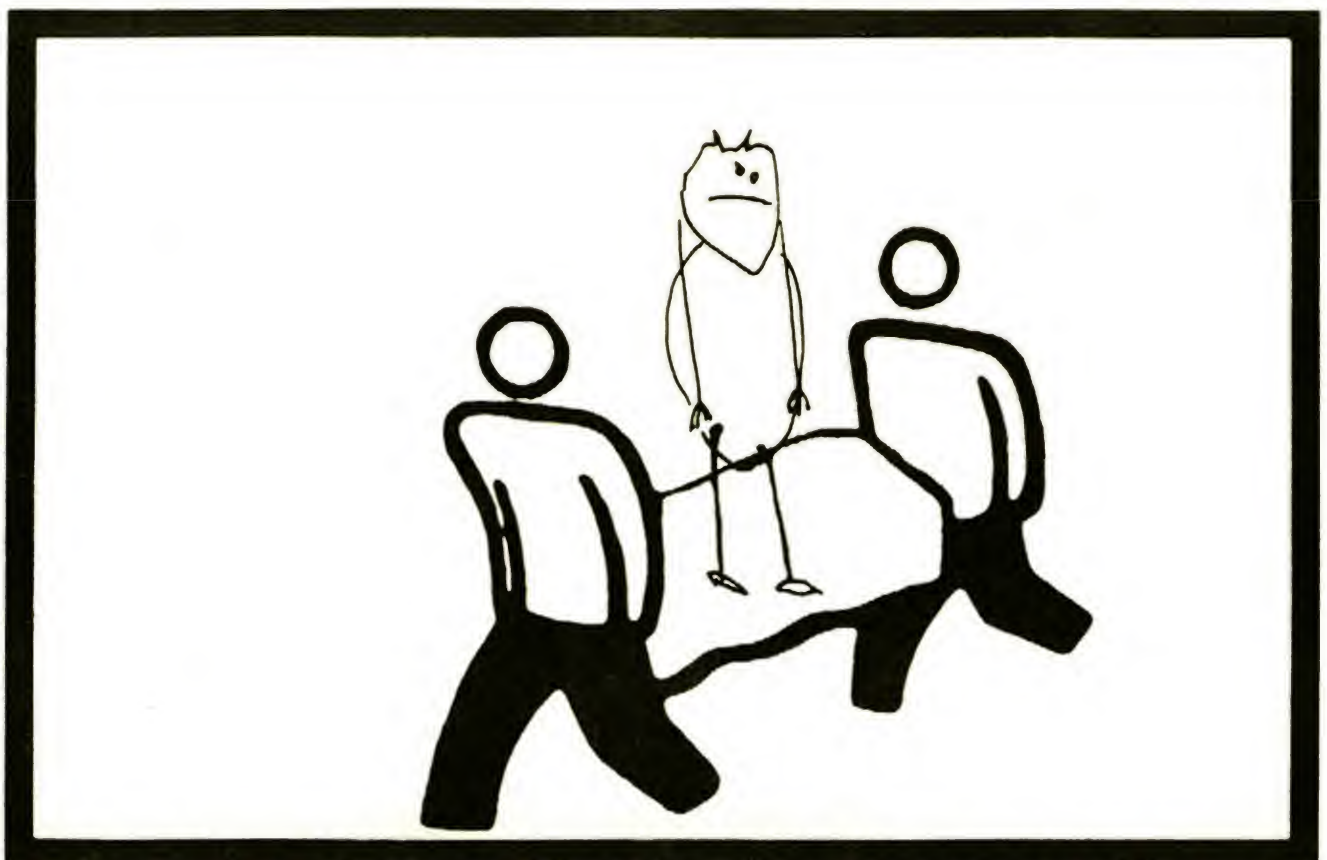
If a grain of salt were as big as the Empire State Building,
each atom within that grain would be only a tiny dot.



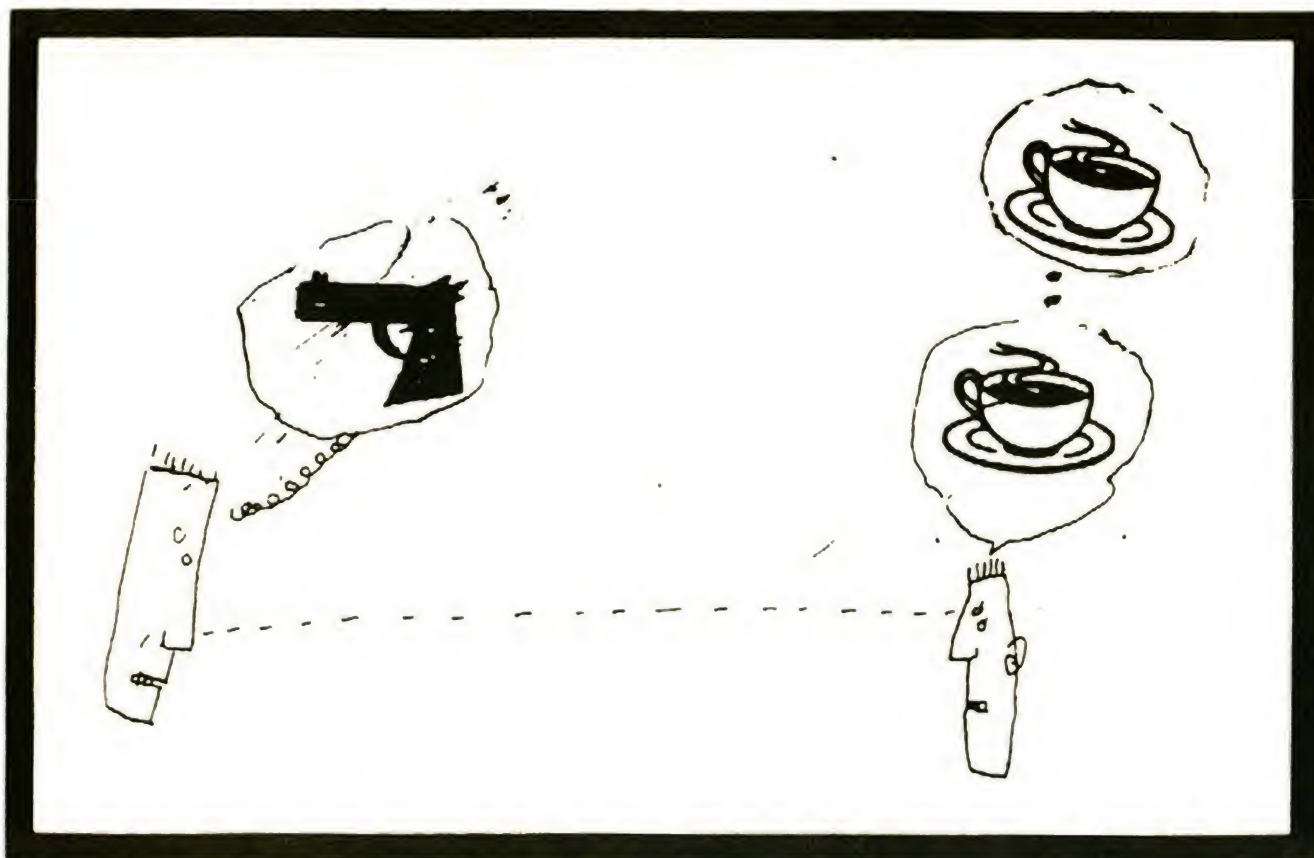
In a solid, molecules and atoms cling together in some kind
of regular arrangement.



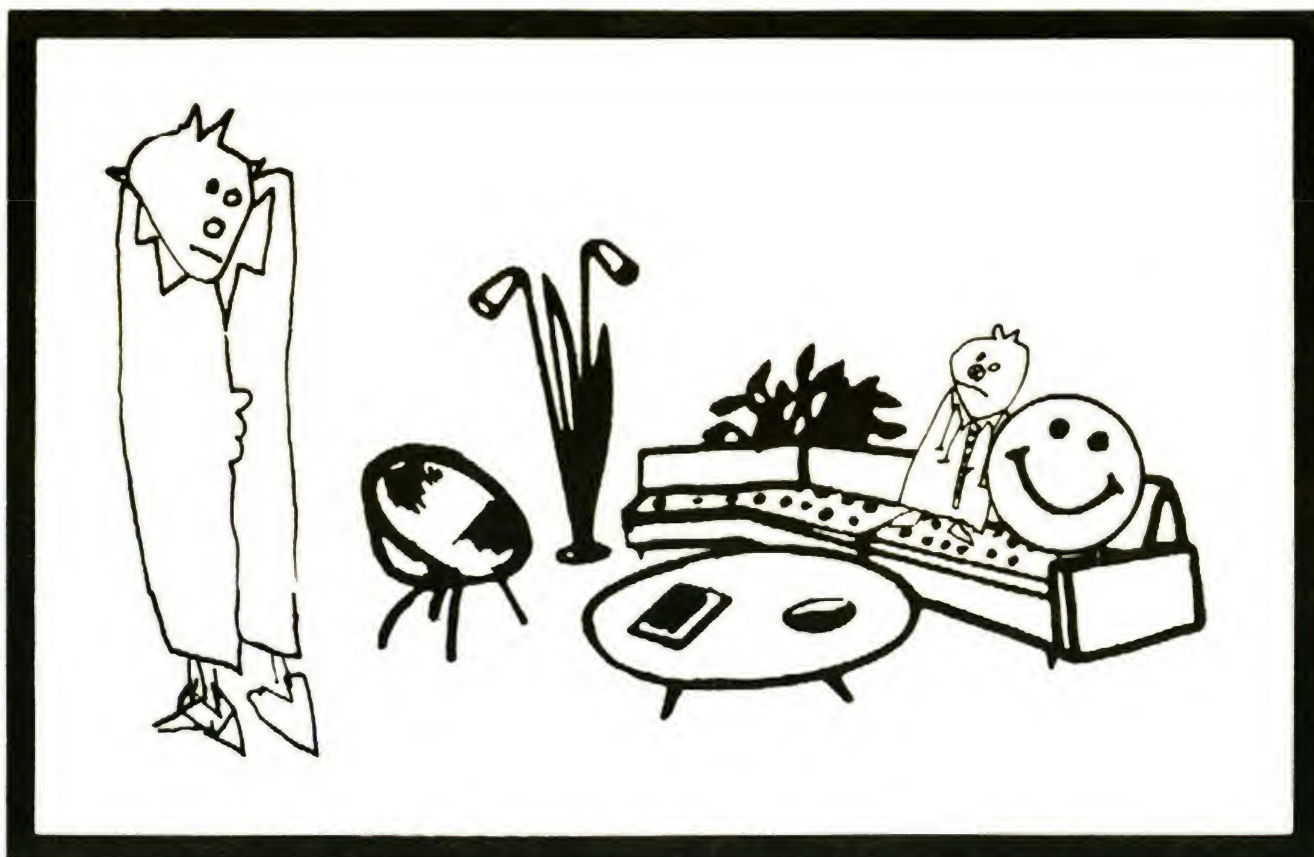
An atom has open spaces through which particles can pass.



Some Atoms Break Down



When a neutron breaks a nucleus apart by fission, countless other fissions follow.

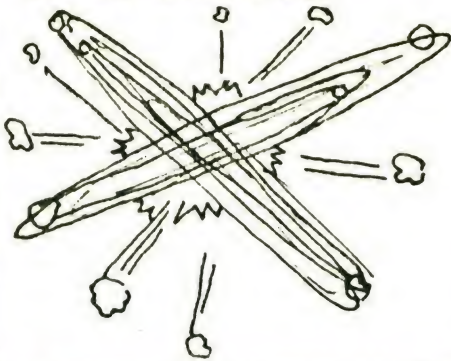


This brought us into the Atomic Age.

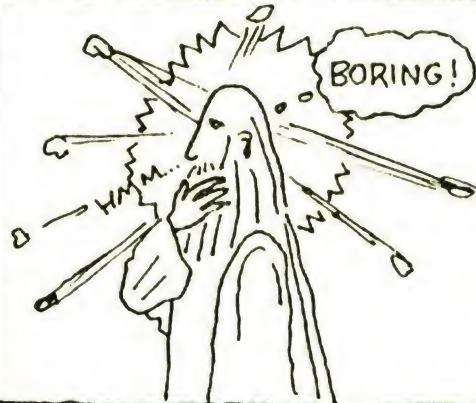
→ THE LORD'S MOMENTUM ←

STORY BY: CHASMON DED
ARTWORK BY: JOHN E

IN THE BEGINNING..



BORING!



THEN..

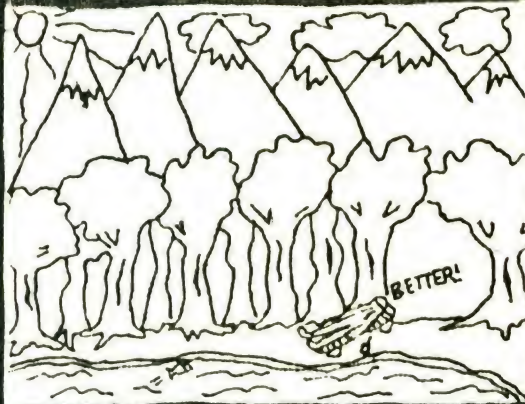
I'M GONNA GET
BURNT IF I DON'T
DO SOMETHING
QUICK



NEED
SOMETHING
SOFT...
BUT FIRM



BETTER!



THEN HE CREATED
MAN

HUH?
OOH!
AAAH!!



THEN WOMAN

FORGET YOU,
GO TO
HELL

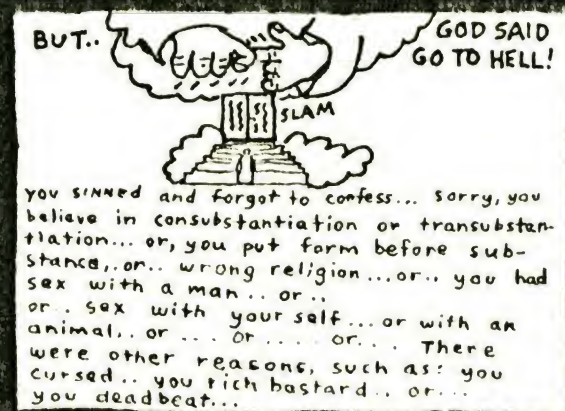
OW!
HEY! GIVE
THAT BACK!



THEN A
BETTER
WOMAN

HUH?
WOW!!
SPRINGING!



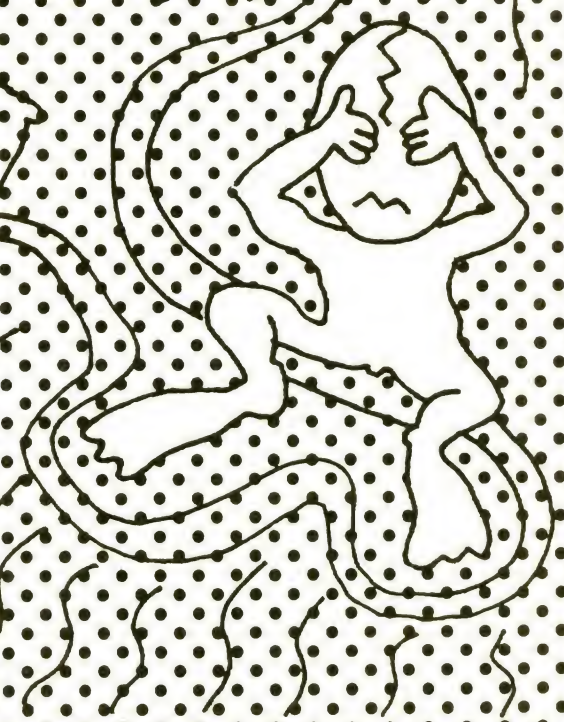
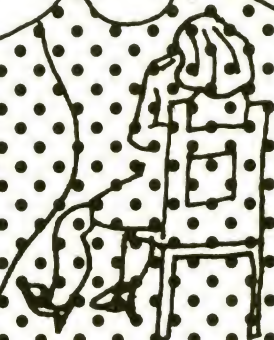
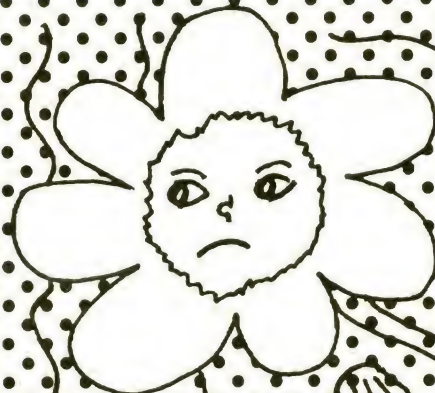


WEREWOLF VIGNETTES

MICRO-MINI MUMBLES



I WAS GOING TO
DRAW A CARTOON
ABOUT THE JOY
AND HAPPINESS
IN LIFE BUT
I'M TOO DE-
PRESSED.



THIS IS A HARD
MEDIUM IN
WHICH TO EX-
PRESS EMOTIONS
LIKE DEPRESSION
OR SADNESS...



ESPECIALLY WHEN
YOU ARE EXPECT-
ING SOMETHING
LIGHTEARTED
LIKE "BLONDIE,"
OR "SHOE," ETC..



OUT OF

CONTROL

AND ALL YOU'RE
GETTING IS MY
WHINING SELF-
PITY



I MEAN, IF I
TOLD YOU MY
DOG HAD DIED,
OR THAT I'M
TERMINALLY
ILL...



HECK,
I'M
OKAY!

YOU MIGHT EMPATHIZE
WITH ME, BUT THAT
WOULD BE LYING
AND I'D ONLY
FEEL WORSE!



THE REAL REASONS
I'M FEELING BAD
HAVE THEIR ROOTS
IN SOMETHING
VAGUE, HARD TO
PIN DOWN...

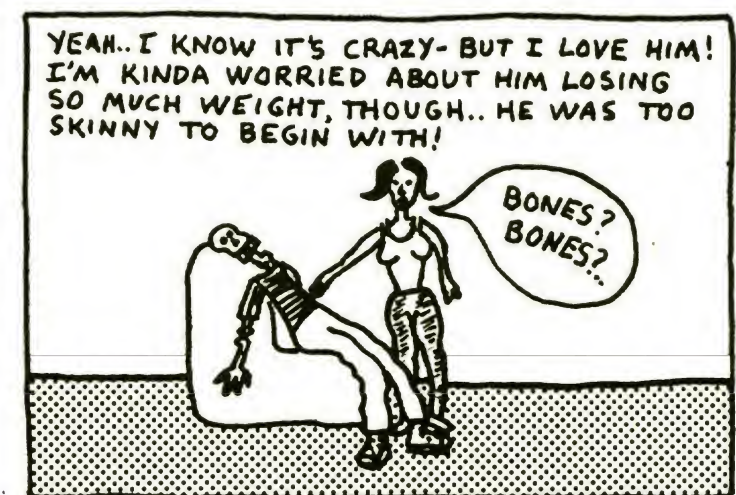
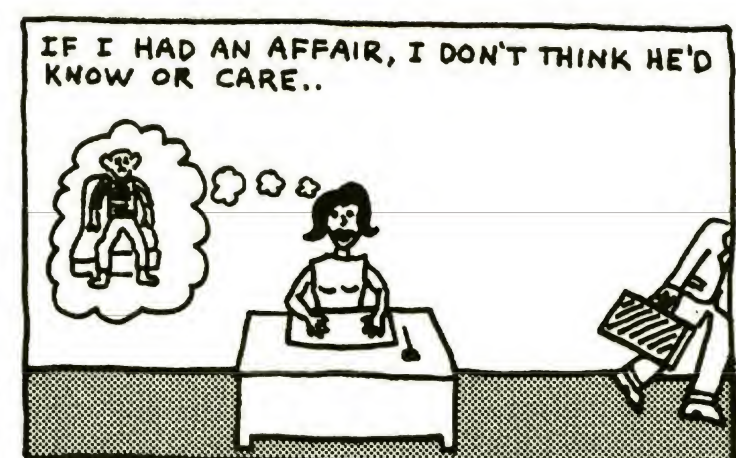
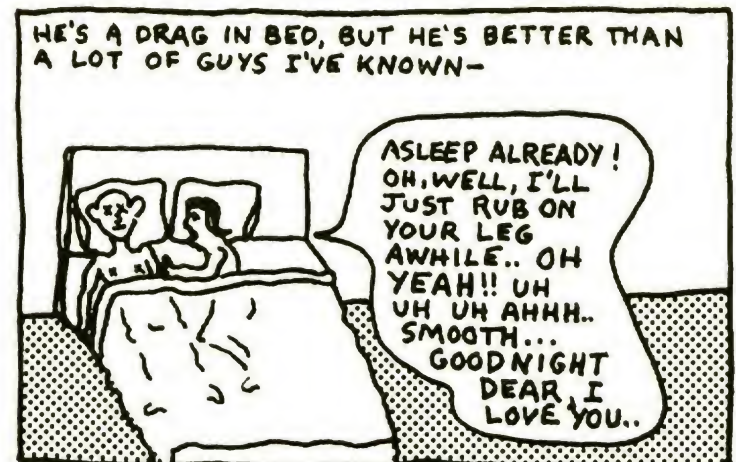
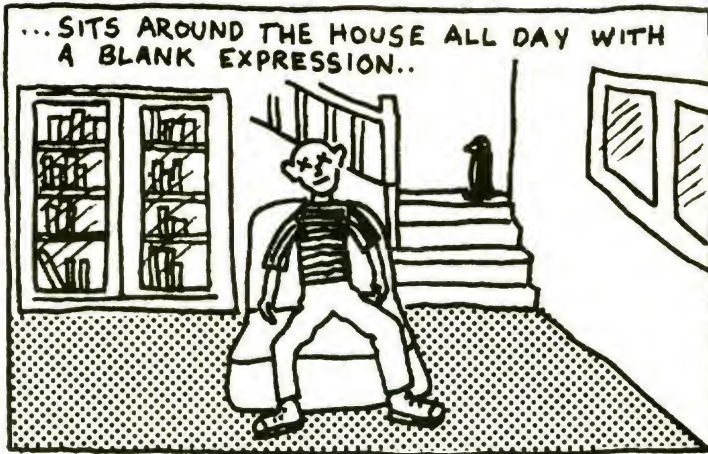


EVER FEEL LIKE
THAT?



MY DEAD BOYFRIEND

JOAN E © 84



ONE AFTERNOON BONES AND I WERE JUST HANGIN' AROUND THE APARTMENT...



...WHEN SUDDENLY, MY PARENTS DROPPED BY!



JUST AS WE THOUGHT! LIVING IN SIN WITH THIS POOR EXCUSE FOR A MAN!



ACTUALLY, NO. DON'T TRY TO GET UP, HON, I'LL HANDLE THIS!

OR, DO YOU CALL THIS LIVING?



WHY... YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE 'E' FAMILY NAME, RAVE, FUSS FUSS, FUSS.

HEY, LOOK!

OH, DADDY!

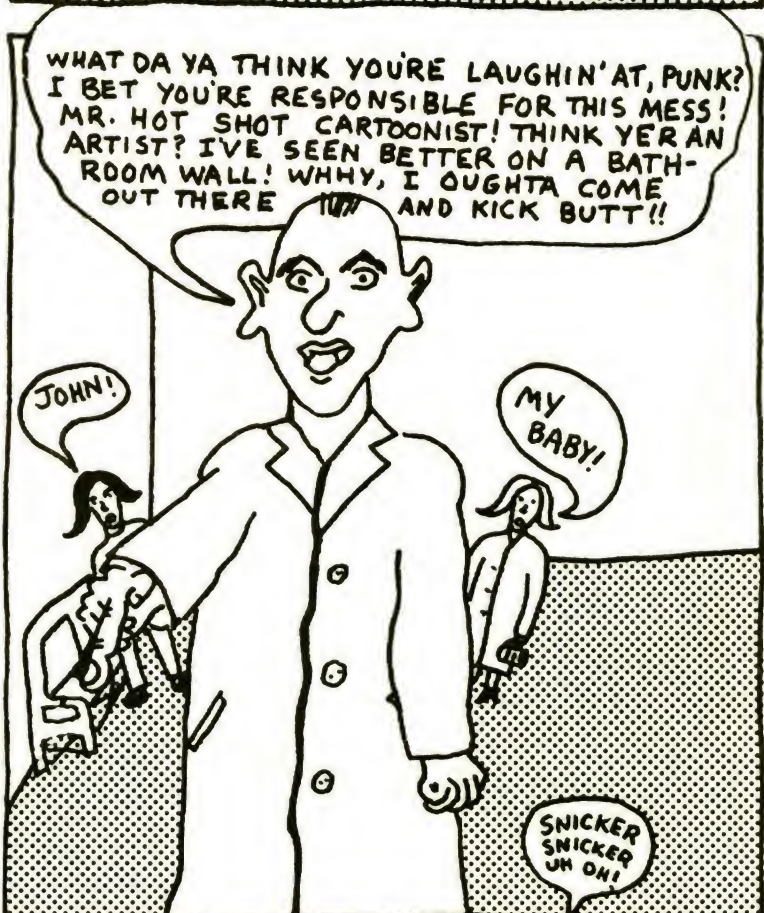


WHAT DA YA THINK YOU'RE LAUGHIN' AT, PUNK? I BET YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS! MR. HOT SHOT CARTOONIST! THINK YE'AN ARTIST? I'VE SEEN BETTER ON A BATHROOM WALL! WHY, I OUGHTA COME OUT THERE AND KICK BUTT!!

JOHN!

MY BABY!

SNICKER SNICKER UH OH!





TALKIN' BONES

©84 JOHN E

AN EVENING
AT
"LE BATERU IVRE"

MOTHER NIGHT,
OLD FRIEND..
BORED STIFF
IN A BAR
AGAIN!

YEAH,
YEAH..
NICE
CHANDELIER!

THANKS..
NAME YOUR
POISON
BOYS..





PSST.. DIG THE GUY
BEHIND ME.. THAT'S
HIS SECOND
PITCHER OF
JONES-AID!

UGH..

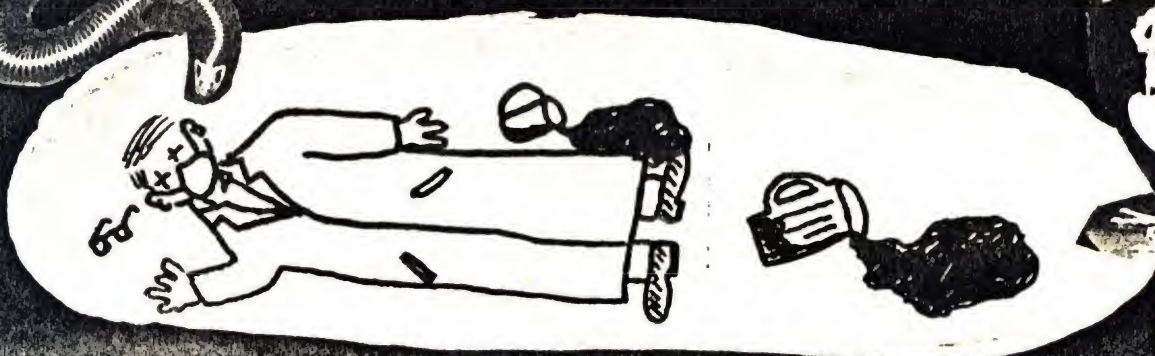


HEH
HEH..



WHAT
MORTALS
THESE
FOOLS
BE!

HA
HA!



THE
END

The Farm Report



THE SUN ALSO RISES ON LUCY'S CAFE,
DOWNTOWN RURAL ANYWHERE, U.S. OF A.



MEANWHILE, AT THE PICKLEBUSH PIG FARM,
STEVE PICKLEBUSH GREETES THE DAY:

NOTHIN' LIKE THE
SMELL O' PIG FIRST
THING IN THE
MAWNIN'!

SOOIE!



CRA-CKLEXX POP! GOOD MORNIN'! GOOD PEOPLE! THIS IS LONESOME RAY, GET OUTA THE HAY AND GIVE ME A CALL! BEFORE WE GET BACK TO THAT GOOD OL' COUNTRY MUSIC LET'S HAVE THE FARM REPORT! BROUGHT TO YOU TODAY BY MRS. EARL'S DEEP FRIED TEATS.. AREN'T YOU GIRLS TIRED OF GOIN' TO THOSE GOOD OLD BOYS MOUNTAIN OYSTER FRIES AND JUST SITTING ON YER HANDS HUNGRY'RE THAN A HOOT OWL 'CAUSE YA CAIN'T STOMACH THE THOUGHT OF EATIN' ONE OF THEM SLIMY LIL' BAGGERS? BRING YER OWN (ALL BEER) BAG OR BOX OF MY TEATS ALONG NEXT TIME AND HAVE THE BOYS THROW 'EM ON THE GRILL. THEY'LL TURN GREEN (WITH ENVY) FOR SURE! THEY'RE FINGER SQUEEZIN' GOOD! WHOEEE! THANKS MRS. EARL BUT LET'S BE FAIR- A LOT OF US "GOOD OLD BOYS" LIKE THEM TEATS MIGHTY FINE! WISH I HAD A MESS O THEM LITTLE SUCKERS RIGHT NOW! DANGED AD ALWAYS MAKES ME HONGUREE... OH WELL, HERE'S THE NEWS... IT'S A BEUTIFUL MORN! THE TEMPERATURE IS 20° ABOVE AND CLIMBING, WE SHOULD SEE IT TOP IN AT 25° BY NOON. THE SHEEP ARE IN THE MEADOW, THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN... WINTER WHEAT'S DOWN.. UNDER THE SNOW... MILO'S UP IN THE SILO... THERE'LL BE A REGULAR MEETING OF THE POSSE COITUS INTERRUPTUS AT THE STEVE PICKLEBARREL, UH, EXCUSE ME STEVE! THAT'S THE STEVE PICKLEBUSH PIG FARM.. DRINKS AND REFRESHMENTS PROVIDED BY MOONSHINE MESSPADE UH.. EXCUSE ME MOON! THATS MOONSHINE MESSPUD.. ENTERTAINMENT HOUR WILL COMMENCE BEHIND STEVE'S BARN FOLLOWING THE MEETING... STAY TUNED FOR MORE DETAILS LATER...

A BIG FARMBOY BREAKFAST AT LUCY'S,
FUELED BY LOTS OF COFFEE+TALK:



A POPULAR PIG FARM SPORT: HOG SPANKING:



IS STEVE MAKIN' BACON BEHIND THE BARN?





WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

HMMN...
APPROX.
3 inches?



AND A
LOT OF
MEN
TOO!

Here's
How...

NO, MORE LIKE $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ "... HOW'S THAT GRAB YA?
THAT'S THE SIZE OF THESE OTHER FINE
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I saw Nancy kissing Mr. T



ALL
ABOARD
FOR
FUNTIME!

Allison
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